



# It Doesn't Pay in the Long Run to be Greedy

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

There isn't much doubt about it, that young children are always greedy little things. The baby wants everything within reach, primarily to eat, but if that instinct is fully satisfied, baby wants it, just the same. Wants it to throw away or break, if for no other purpose. And wants it for himself, doesn't want anybody else to have anything: toys, candy, green apples, hatches or hot flatirons—all are persistently demanded by His Small Majesty, and he must have 'em if you want to avoid a riot. Very often, it may be noted in passing, you have the riot whether he gets 'em or not.

St. Paul owns up that, when he was a child, he acted like one, as we all do: "But," he goes on, "when I became a man I put away childish things." That's where St. Paul gives us a hunch and sets us an example. He doesn't say that he gave them up when he became converted or when he joined the church—but put them away when he became a man. The plain inference is that childish things, such as selfishness and greed, don't go with manhood. They are pardonable, perhaps useful and natural, in babyhood, but they don't console with manhood. I think we'll all agree with Paul in this, as an abstract proposition, a sort of ethical theory.

But what's the good of abstract propositions and ethical theories if they never get out of the theoretical fog-bank? If we never ourselves build them up into our lives in actual fact? What earthly good do we do us to learn the admitted truths of the multiplication table, if we never put them into practice? I suppose the moral import of the ten commandments would be just the same if we carried them by rote in Choctaw, but I don't suppose your ability to repeat them in Choctaw at the gate of the New Jerusalem would be anything like as good a passport by St. Peter as your having lived them in plain English.

And the simple, sorrowful truth is that a whole lot of us have not yet arrived at manhood and womanhood in this matter of greed and selfishness. We are still in the childish state where we want everything within reach—and a few hundred things that are out of reach. "What do I get out of this?" That is the question which too many of us always ask first, when confronted with any new proposition. If there isn't "anything in it" for us we lose interest very quickly. We go on until we begin to nose around suspiciously to see who is going to get a little "honest graft" out of it. We are so greedy, ourselves, that we take it for granted every other human being is, and none are actuated by our spirit of greed.

I've been reading some of the disgusting testinies adduced in the New York graft investigation. Say, it's enough to make a horse sick, enough anyway to make a man blush, for these well-dressed, sleek gentlemen who had to be paid before they would do their duty—paid, sometimes by the way, from blackmail or extortion. One witness who handled the corruption funds for a big corporation, half-heartedly admitted that he had received money regularly to all parties and to almost all candidates. "About everybody who ran for office got his plum," said bills were introduced into the legislature that members might be brought down from passing their bills were "held up" in committees till the committees were paid for "accelerating" them. The morals of this legislature seem to have been grist of a piggy: gobble-gobble, grunt-grunt.

But there wasn't any special use in getting mad over the greed of some politicians in some other state. These New York grafting couldn't have got into the legislature unless the people had elected them. And it's too absurd to suppose that all who voted for them were misled into thinking their public-spirited statesmen would never rise higher than their source: these grafters must have represented and unquestionably did represent a big and influential part of their constituents. They were not the only greedy goblins in their respective communities. They were not eccentric and exceptional abnormalities: there were others like them around them and behind them, or they never could be selected as representatives. It is quite true that one of the Twelve Apostles was a Judas, but the other eleven never picked him out as their representative to act for them in making laws for the infant church. It isn't true that politics are a corrupt exception to an otherwise universal rule of unselfish public service. The same growth of greed and graft sends insidious roots through private business and sucks sustenance from the folks.

Of course we must live and we must get for ourselves that wherewith to

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Care Bilestones, Head-aches, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:

Simon Dodge left here to join his wife in Waterville, R. I.

Sarah Sheffield is very ill. Joseph Malton has gone on a business trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Paine are away on a brief vacation. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barber are guests of the former's brother, M. A. Barber, at their summer place.

The high school has new teachers, both principal and assistant. Mrs. Melissa Dodge, who was taken ill while visiting at the Ocean cottage, was removed to her own home, it being her wish, although very ill.

Women All Alike. All women are alike in this particular—they reason more on their hopes than on their experiences.

Uncientific, But Accurate. He—"I am going to see what the mean temperature." She—"Yes, isn't it mean?"

Brain Needs Exercise. Our brains are just as much open to training and exercise as our bodily muscles.

live. This is the law of self-preservation, and nobody disputes its validity. It is the only law which childhood seems to know. But it isn't the only law which governs real manhood. Another law is that other folks must live, too, and have the right to get themselves wherewith to live. "Me" and "mine" are among the first words the baby learns. He is the center and circumference of his own little world. But manhood learns that the individual is only one drop in the ocean, and that the ocean is not only bigger, but vastly more important than any single drop in it. If growing manhood is to be a solitary, self-centered, down-looking drop of spray high on the cliff, it might as well dry up and stop being anything.

I keep a saying of Elbert Hubbard's stuck in one corner of my looking-glass. "Those who never do any more than they are paid for, never get paid for any more than they do." But what shall be said of those who do less than they are paid for and then grumble because they are not paid more? I'm not learning that the very lowest ground of materialistic expediency, it doesn't pay in the long run, to be greedy. We may get a little, temporarily, but we are dead-sure to lose eventually something of more value than anything our greed can get us. What time is it, please?" asked the junior partner in a big establishment. The busy clerk looked up at the clock from his work and answered: "Two minutes of twelve, sir." The junior partner smiled and passed on into the office. Next day, when the clerk was called in and given a better position at a higher pay, he ceased to wonder why he had been asked the question. Every other employee in his room, at the time it was asked, had been either washing hands or brushing their hair or dusting clothes, or in some like way getting ready to "bolt" for the street, the minute the noon whistle blew. This particular clerk had been more intent on doing the work he was paid to do than on watching the clock to see how early it would be safe to shirk.

"Live and let live" isn't a bad motto. I believe in getting all that's coming to me, but, by George, I don't want what's justly coming to the other fellow! He has as good right to what's his as I have to what's mine, and I have a right to be just as ashamed of myself if I try to gobble up a part of his share as I have to get mad at him when he tries to capture mine away from me. We farmers aren't all saints, in this respect, I suspect we are just about like the rest of the bunch—no worse, perhaps, but not much better. It isn't only among politicians and business men that we find greed and graft and the desire to "beat" some one else. I know farmers, and I'll bet you do, too—who will study for weeks and lie awake at night to think up ways to get some unfair advantage over their neighbors. Like all other vices, it's much easier to denounce this in others than it is to cure it in ourselves. Nevertheless, that self-curing process is vastly the more practicable and useful. Moreover, it is a man who lies at our own doors and we can take it in and tend to it without having to hitch up and drive to town.

It wasn't a nice word, that which The Great Master applied to those who, with beams in their own eyes, essayed to remove the notes from others' optics. But I guess it was about the right word. Anyway, you and I haven't been given authority to amend it. It is not true that there is no honesty left in the world, and that public spirit can no longer be found. There's more of both today than ever before. Instead of feeling hopeless and desperate over the greed and corruption that is being made visible, we can afford to rejoice that the nasty pus is being discharged from the opened sores. It is a good time for us to join the general housecleaning. In view of our surroundings and our comparative freedom from the bigger temptations, we ought to hold the highest rank in the armies of progress and improvement. I wish I could say some word to prick one greedy soul awake to a sense of his own loss. I should feel well repaid for all these talks if I could be sure that even one hitherto self-seeking, greedy, fellow-farmer had been stirred by some word in them to that reflection which begins the life of any sane soul which begins its life out of the shelter of indurated selfishness into the open air of helpfulness and neighborliness.

THE FARMER.

## BLOCK ISLAND

New Teachers in the Schools—Mrs. Melissa Dodge Seriously Ill.

Simon Dodge left here to join his wife in Waterville, R. I.

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Uncientific, But Accurate. He—"I am going to see what the mean temperature." She—"Yes, isn't it mean?"

Brain Needs Exercise. Our brains are just as much open to training and exercise as our bodily muscles.

New Brunswick's Timber. New Brunswick has about 8,000,000 acres of fir, spruce and pine.

Don't Be Covetous. The covetous man loses, what he does not get.—Seneca.

## AS JOB JOLT SEES IT

Parson Dawson says "Love governs the earth." That may be, but it doesn't seem to govern man.

Cy Cymbal says he is about discouraged, the prices of produce vary so. His wife Betsy opines that is all that does worry him, for work cannot do it.

Samantha Psalter has her opinion of farmers who go to town three times a week to see what the news is, and then complain because the women just go to church to beat the brush.

Bill Bangs has found out that the way to get credit is to make folks think you do not want it. Bill will get found out in a little while.

It is steady work now until the crops have been housed. Jack Frost is hovering around.

Minister Dawson's son says he learned that the cheerful liar is the man who praises his wife's hat. That boy knows a great many things that do not beat the Sunday school.

Bill Bangs' wife says it takes a smart woman to be mean to the man she loves and good to the man she doesn't like.

The hens that lay when prices are high are bred by men who might have broken a bank had they not been farmers.

The prospect that butter will be 40 cents a pound is not disturbing the farmer. It broadens his smile.

The geese have been going south for some time, now. Some people still say "bah!" to a goose.

The advantage of a separator is this—it takes all the cream out of the milk and when the milk is turned over rakes in the rest.

I don't know how pumpkins got into society, but "some pumpkins" are known to be eligible.

Many a city dude calls us "hay-seeds," but hayseeds produce a valuable crop, and what do dudes produce? I can't find out!

How quav winter and Indian summer got into autumn is still an open question no man can answer.

These newspaper men who farm with pen and ink do not have calloused hands or 16-hour days.

JOB JOLT.

## WASHINGTON COUNTY, R. I.

### HOPKINTON

Boy Preacher Makes Favorable Impression.

A good audience greeted the boy preacher, Willie Haigh, 13 years old, of Boston, in the Seventh-day Baptist church Saturday morning. William Lawton of Providence, where the boy formerly resided, Superintendent of the Randall street mission, where he was converted, accompanied him and gave a short address. Taking for his subject verses selected from John 15th chapter this boy gave a plain statement of Christian truth calculated to touch the hearts of all his hearers. One of the most admirable characteristics of the boy's preaching was that he did not aspire to appear a man but was content to bear his message in a boyish manner. He is probably the youngest preacher on this continent if not in the world.

### Sale of Taylor Estate.

Lewis F. Randolph, Jr., has purchased the Peter Taylor estate on High street, Ashaway, and his father, Rev. L. F. Randolph, is soon to remove his family there. The reverent is expected to continue as pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church here for the present.

Miss Fannie Avery is staying with her husband, Mr. Avery, in Plainfield, Conn., and attending school.

Miss Laura Kenyon of Providence is visiting friends in this vicinity.

John E. Wells and family visited friends in Perryville last Sunday.

Leon Sprague is to serve as janitor at the schoolhouse this fall.

Mrs. Jason P. S. Brown has received notice of the death on Sunday of her sister, Mrs. David Langworthy of Mystic, Conn.

Victor H. Crandall spent Sunday in Woonsocket.

## USQUEPAUGH

John K. Lamond to Teach at Wesleyan—Everybody Goes to the Fair.

Mrs. Evelyn Reynolds and niece of Arcadia were in the village Wednesday.

The pastor, Mr. Palmer, preached at the church here Sunday morning.

Clara Webster has returned to her school duties at East Providence.

John K. Lamond, who has spent his vacation in Perryville, returns here teaching at Wesleyan university September 22, as professor of mathematics.

Everybody and his wife and all the children were here attended the county fair.

Miss Myrtle Palmer of Hope Valley was a guest of her father here Sunday.

Mrs. William Palmer and children have returned to Providence, after spending the season at their summer home here.

Lily Shantell, who has been at Dr. Kenyon's, has gone to her home at West Kingston.

Erroll Wilcox of Norwich was a guest last week of his cousin, Amos H. Kenyon.

Annie E. Kenyon has resumed her studies at R. I. C., which opened on Wednesday.



# The Happiest Women Have No History

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$250 to first; \$150 to second; \$100 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

## EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good help letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

## THE SEPTEMBER PRIZE AWARD

This is the week for the award of the September prizes and we come up to the task with a feeling of accountability. When there have been 40 or 50 competing letters and only three prizes to do service it is a fine manifestation of judgment toward the prizes so that a majority of the members feel that the right ones got them. The awards made in total ignorance of the names of the writers—these are looked up afterwards.

The awards this month will be as follows: First prize, \$250, to "Barbara," for letter entitled "Home-made Confections."

Second prize, \$150, to "Woman-at-Home," for letter entitled "Turning the Week Around."

Third prize, \$100, to Mrs. P. H. W. of Willimantic, for letter contributing "Tested Recipes."

Will the first and third prize winners please send their addresses to the Editor Social Corner of The Bulletin.

## The Proper Use of Water.

Editor Social Corner: The use of water is a simple thing, and yet it is doubtful if one woman in a dozen realizes the disadvantage of using old boiled water in making tea and coffee, or for other purposes. Instead of fresh water boiled, it takes longer to heat things with it, is too often the cause of indigestion, and when it has been heated it lacks quality and is at the bottom of most poor tea and coffee brews. Those who have practice drinking hot water before breakfast and just before retiring as a means of keeping the stomach and bowels right, know the value of fresh water heated, and come to make a distinction between hot water and water that has been scalded. This is a knowledge of water that the majority of water users seldom attain to. The water that stands in the kettle on a hot stove and has water from the faucet added from day to day is simply an abomination and is at the bottom of many kitchen failures, for it lacks life. Tea or coffee made from fresh water just boiled is so superior to that made from old boiled water that the contrast in the flavor is most striking. Any one will tell you, is too often the rule of a kitchen, and this is the kitchen where things are not done well and about which there is most complaint. Knowledge is power in the kitchen as well as elsewhere, and water that is water should be recognized there for its merits as well as other things in constant use.

## Fried Green Tomatoes.

Editor Social Corner: I am so glad that there is at least a Social Corner where we can all talk to each other informally.

If any of the sisters have ever fried green tomatoes? Slice the tomatoes and set aside in salted water an hour before frying. Roll in meal, salt and pepper, and fry. We think they are delicious.

I read the article about the daughter's bedroom and enjoyed it very much. It has helped me, too. When I feel like not making my bed or not washing my face, I remember that my room shows my character and then I do it.

If any of the sisters have a sure remedy to take out grass seeds, I would like to hear it. DOROTHY, Norwich Town.

## Mullein for Deafness.

Editor Social Corner: Smoking dried mullein is one of the best remedies for catarrhal deafness. The leaves should be gathered and dried; then broken up so as to be of the proper size to pack a pipe, just the same as tobacco. A fresh clay pipe is best for this purpose. The oil is made by holding the inner ear by holding the nostrils shut with the fingers after each puff and gently forcing the air into the ears. This will carry the smoke along with it. I presume the oil is vaporized and goes along with the smoke. This should reach the inner ear, perhaps not at first, but it will after a short time. The doctor thinks they are the remedy, claiming, however, that it is best to gather the leaves and prepare them oneself if possible. The taste and smell, if I remember rightly, are rather disagreeable, but it is a soothing, healing effect on the ears and the entire nasal passages.

Mullein may be bought in packages for about a cent a day. Being steeped in the shape of a small hard cake which should be broken up. This will keep one supplied for about two weeks.

It is such a handy and simple remedy as this that it is well to know about. JANE, Norwich.

## Salt for Use of the Eyes.

Editor Social Corner: The use of salt water on the eyes is simple and safe. It is apparent that brine is not called for. I think a tablespoon of salt to a pint of warm water is sufficient. The water should not be made too hot, but it should be warm. It is cool and in winter sometimes use it tepid. If the eyes are highly inflamed it might be well to bathe them with hot water, but it should be comfortable to be borne, and follow with a cool salt water bath. Salt strengthens the eyes and it is beneficial when the eyes are watery or blurry. It does a well eye no harm. Elder can regulate the strength and the condition of the water for herself. Judgment is always required in doing things; and discretion is no fault. If an error is to be made it better be on the right side. There is nothing hazardous about this. Plainfield. CLARA.

## Three Useful Recipes.

Editor Social Corner: I find that the Social Corner is a help in various ways. The sisters have sent in some very nice recipes and I have been the gainer thereby. Now I wish to submit a few of real worth. These are three good ones:

Chocolate Creams—Take three cups confectioners' sugar, enough hot water to make a stiff fondant; little vanilla; press into shapes and let stand a little while. I have enough melted chocolate and dip shapes one by one, then place on paraffine paper and let stand until cool.

Maple Caramel Nut Cake—Take one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of lukewarm water, three cups of pastry flour, one cup of chopped English walnut meats, whites of four eggs, two rounding teaspoons of baking powder, beat the butter to a cream and gradually add the sugar, beating well. To this slowly pour in

her that he will forget, and when he does, when he comes home on her birthday, on their wedding anniversary, on their engagement anniversary without even a reference to it she can scarcely believe it; but the fact acts deep into her heart and in more than one case the omission is the beginning of serious domestic trouble.

Now, what I should like to impress on every girl is that the genius for forgetting that almost every husband possesses to a marked degree in no way indicates that his love or his thought for her has ceased. She must accept this falling along with others that with the average woman cause no uneasiness. More than this, let her do as I do, remind her husband beforehand of the coming anniversary and keep on reminding him, if necessary. He will be grateful for the information and will enjoy bringing home some gift. Most of all, he will be thankful to have saved his wife the least cause for unhappiness. POLLY POE, Putnam Heights.

## LIKED WIT OF ARTEMUS WARD

Londoners for a Wonder Appreciated Work of Great American Humorist.

On the occasion of Artemus Ward's professional visit to London, which occurred not long before his death, J. E. Preston Muddock says in his book, "Pages from an Adventurous Life," that the American humorist's advertisements of his "show" were as full of funny surprises as the lectures themselves. One that tickled the general public was this:

Artemus Ward Delivered Lectures—Before All the Crowned Heads of Europe Ever Thought of Delivering Lectures.

And an excerpt from his lecture on "Drawing," is quoted by Mr. Muddock as a particularly delightful bit.

"I haven't distinguished myself as an artist," Ward said, in his inimitable way, "but have always been mixed up in art. I have an uncle who takes photographs in his spare moments, and I have a servant who takes everything he can lay his hands on at any moment."

"At a very tender age I could draw on wood. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turpins over a wooden bridge. It was a raw morning. The people of the village recognized me. They said it was a raw-turpin drawing. That shows how faithfully I had copied nature. I drew their attention to it, so you see there was a lot of drawing in it."

"The villagers, with wonderful discernment peculiar to villagers, said I had a future before me. As I was walking backward when I made my drawing I replied that I thought that my future must be behind me."

## Care of Tooth Brushes.

The care of tooth brushes is not sufficiently observed. They stand in their cups or hang on their racks day and night, absorbing any germs that may be floating about. They should be washed frequently—at least twice a week—in some antiseptic solution, strong salt and water or bicarbonate of sodium and water being two good and readily obtained cleaners. Tooth washes and pastes should be kept carefully covered.

## The Microbe Census.

A census of microbes on the surface of various exposed articles of food was taken by the Pasteur Institute of Paris, with startling results. A cubic centimeter of water in which some strawberries were washed produced 1,850,000 germs. This is certainly an excellent argument for protection of fruits exposed for sale from dust—Wheeling Intelligencer.

## Speak to Fido About This.

Some one writes, "Don't let your dog go without water." And if he is one of those large, loose, sociable dogs, don't let him tip over someone's garbage can and then come smugly home to wipe his feet on the whiskers of some friend who happens to be calling on you.

## Where Morphine Finds Victims.

Of a hundred unselected cases of morphine addiction 60 were found to be physicians, 20 physicians' wives and widows, ten nurses, six druggists, four dentists and ten laymen, making 90 per cent. closely connected with the medical profession.—Nurses Journal.

## A Mistake.

"You don't want to make any mistake about Philadelphia's being a slow town," said Dobbiegh. "No, sirree, I discounted a 30-day note over there once and, by jingo, 30 days pass just as quickly over there as they do here!"—Lippincott's.

## Tan in the Tropics.

Some whites in the tropics do not tan, but take on a peculiar whitish color, even when the blood is strong and healthy. This is strikingly true in damp, hot places, and one sees some of the whitest people of Barbados.

## At Last.

Mr. Styles—"Here's an item which says the ears should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrows or lower than the tip of the nose." Mrs. Styles—"Well, dear, are my ears on straight?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Light in Everything.

In everything that happens there is light; and the greatness of the greatest of men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

## Butter From Coconut Oil.

A method has been found of converting crude coconut oil into palatable butter and the result is that several companies are now actively engaged in the business in Germany.

## Valuable Find in Argentina.

Rubies, opals, crystallized quartz, onyx, talc, gypsum and earth suitable for making porcelain have been found in the sparsely peopled territory of Los Andes, Argentina.

## Java's principal productions are sugar (180 factories), tobacco, tea, and copra (very large).